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Clarissa's Treasures.

(Mrs. Harvey-Jellie in 'Light in the Home.')

'Can it possibly be? Yes, it surely is Lottie—my old friend and schoolfellow,' said the pretty mistress of Beaufort Park, as she offered her hand to the visitor announced as Miss Moorslake.

'I am staying near here with my aunt, and I thought it would bring back old times to see you; and I knew you would not be vexed,' she said.

'Lottie, how could you imagine such a thing! I am simply delighted! To see your dear calm face is refreshing, and to hear all about your doings will be splendid. Come here in this cosy corner'—and Clarissa Aldenè led her friend to a luxuriant settee

surrounded by heavy curtains, and facing a conservatory where flowers and ferns seemed rejoicing together.

'How long have you been married, Clarissa? I must call you by your familiar name.'

'Certainly; I am the same to you, however much my circumstances have altered. Yes, it is six years since I came here to this lovely house. I often wondered where you had gone to, but I never got time for correspondence.'

'I have had a busy, happy life, always some one to help, and now I am here to cheer my widowed aunt. I hear you have children,' said Lottie.

'Oh, yes—three girls—so bonnie and pretty! You must see all my treasures. You remember my old wish at school to be rich and have "lots of treasures." It has come true indeed, and I seem to have everything I want.'

'I remember our castle-building in the air, but yours has proved to be something more substantial and real'—and Lottie looked at her old friend, and thought she detected a lack of something.

'I will take you through the conservatories, and then over part of my house, if it will not tire you,' said Mrs. Aldenè, gracefully leading the way. Lottie watched her; she had always admired Clarissa in those days, sorry as she was to see how her heart was set on being rich.

'Delightful!' she said, as different blossoms were pointed out. 'How you must enjoy all this; only think of the many to whom one of these would be a wealth of beauty.'

'That sounds like Lottie of old, but I haven't time to think of others. If you had a large place like this, and children and company, you would find all your attention taken up. Now come to my nursery'—and they entered a room rather away from the other rooms, where three delicate-looking girls were sitting dressing dolls. At first they were shy, but a few kind remarks about their dolls from Lottie drew them on to speak, and books were brought out, and other toys exhibited.

'Mamma, may we come ! asked Cissy.

'No, my dear; the nursery is the place for little girls'—and called back by the nurse, the door closed, and Clarissa led on to the library, and then to other rooms, not knowing how gladly those dear children would have exchanged the grandeur of that house for any place where they might be free and happy.

'Now you must see my boudoir—and this is my husband's portrait.'

Lottie was charmed with all the exquisite things, but she felt sure she had seen Mr. Aldenè somewhere; there was an unmistakable something in that fine face.

'You shall see for yourself if you stay another hour'—and with a walk round the gardens the time soon passed. The servant had carried tea into the drawing-room, and they had just entered when the man whom Lottie remembered to have seen in a railway carriage once come in.

'An old schoolfellow of mine, Claude. You have heard me speak of Lottie Moorslake,' said Clarissa.

'I have seen her, too, I am sure. I won't easily forget her trite answer or remark to me,' said Mr. Aldenè, holding out his hand.

'I was sure I had seen you, though I little guessed who you were—how strange! Have you forgiven me?' Lottie asked.

It was soon explained to the wondering wife, and the facts were these. Claude Aldenè, travelling with two gentlemen, was discussing some people who were Christians, and Lottie Moorslake was sitting opposite in the railway carriage, and after strong expressions from the others, Claude, looking at the unknown lady passenger as if for approval, said, 'To be a Christian means humbug to me.' And she replied, 'To be a Christian means to walk a golden pathway to heaven to me'—and nothing more had been said, and she never thought of seeing the man again.

'Come, now, and discuss some more lively subject,' Clarissa said, smiling.

'I have thought several times of your decided answer. Are you of so lofty an opinion still?' he asked.

'Most certainly; how could I be otherwise?' said Lottie.

'I do not attempt an answer—'tis out of my line; but I am glad to meet my wife's schoolfellow.'

Lottie stayed longer than she had intended, and had quite a story to relate to her aunt in explaining her long absence.

'Well, now, this is strange,' said the widow. 'An old friend came to see me while you were out, and he was saying that Mr. Aldenè only needed a touch to make him a different man; he has seemed on the verge of a change lately.'

'I wish he may receive it, and poor dear Clarissa too,' said Lottie.

During the next three weeks the news was spread of Mrs. Aldenè's illness—severe bronchitis and pneumonia, and no hope was entertained. Prayer was offered by Lottie and her aunt, and occasionally they sent or call-

ed to inquire. One day, just before Lottie was to return to her own home, she went to Beaufort Park. The master of the house was opening the door to go out as she approached.

'I was going for a breath of air. I have scarcely left her room to-day,' he said, and Lottie walked with him to hear about her friend.

'I have heard your words over and over lately, Miss Moorslake, walking as I do in the uncertain paths of the world's pleasant places; here I am, brought face to face with death, and no compensation. How would you feel in my place?'

'Were I as you are, Mr. Aldenè, I would be in desolation. The very sight of the good things about me would only mock me; and no Christ and no heaven would make death awful.'

'Can you say a word of hope to my dear wife?' he groaned in agony.

A few minutes later Lottie was beside her old schoolfellow's bed. The nurse thoughtfully retired, and Clarissa put her thin, white hand out, a look of fear on her sweet face.

'Lottie, you came to see my treasures. I'd give them all for peace and confident hope now—vain things to trust in—and my soul starving,' said the sinking woman.

Too weak for much, she lay listening eagerly, and Lottie repeated Christ's own winning words of welcome—'Come unto me,' etc., and then in gentle tones she offered up one brief prayer and left the silent room. The little ones within the nursery were quiet, the servants looked demure, for the proud and pretty mistress was missed about the house.

Next morning Claude Aldenè took from an envelope a sheet of paper, and read from Lottie's handwriting—

'Please read the following verses to my dear old friend:—

'"Come unto me . . and I will give you rest."

'"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

'"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

'"And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou has sent."

'Jesus is ready to lead in the golden pathway to heaven.

'LOTTIE MOORSLAKE.'

Two days after, Claude sent for Lottie.

'My poor wife wishes to see you once more; she is sinking fast. C. A.'

Through the brilliant flowers and the decorated hall, up into the tastefully-adorned room, Lottie went, to bid farewell to one she had spent many happy hours with in days gone. A solemn hush hung over all, and the white face wore signs of a struggle within. Languidly the blue eyes were opened, moist with tears, and gathering up her little power she whispered—

'Lottie, last night I'm sure I saw the Lord. I was thinking over the words you sent—"Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent"—and I seemed to see all my treasures in this house fade and pale before the glory of his presence, and I was afraid, and knew I was a sinner, and he held a hand to me, and it had the nail marks in it, and he said in sweetest tones, "Come unto me," and the music of his voice and the beauty of the vision will never be forgotten'—and a smile like the first beams of sunlight on a landscape spread over the fair face as she lay exhausted, and Lottie softly said—

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.'

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one;
Stoop down, and drink, and live.'

Can you follow from your heart, dear Clarissa, and say—

'"I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst is quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him"?'

All was quiet for a moment, then such a flash of light came over her, and she said—'Lottie, tell Claude I can!'

The new life in the soul seemed to bring back new vigor of body, and constantly she asked for Lottie, who prolonged her stay, to be near and able to visit Beaufort Park.

It was one autumn afternoon a fortnight later, and Clarissa was sitting in her chair, her husband and children near her, and Lottie called. There was a new happiness over all.

'Is this your last visit for a time, Miss Moorslake? Oh, the darkness of soul I was in when first we met, and now 'tis getting light. Your words in the train are true; and see my wife and hear her opinion,' said Claude.

Clarissa smiled as she looked up gratefully at her friend. 'How proudly I showed you my treasures, Lottie; and what were they compared to yours? Now I am finding out your treasures, I am full of delight.'

'When you are well again, you will put earth's riches in their proper place, and find out "the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God;" and "the Lord shall open unto thee his good treasure." I thank God for so happy an end to my visit here; may I hear of you soon!' said Lottie.

A new and abiding friendship was begun, and Lottie tells how she often hears from the religious experience of her friend of 'Clarissa's treasures.'

'For a Husband in South Africa.'

Some years ago, while special services were being held in Manchester, a lady visitor felt one afternoon a strong impression that she ought to leave her own district and visit the houses in a street which lay at a considerable distance from the chapel.

Accompanied by her fellow-worker, she reached the place, and knocked at one door after another, only to be met with cold looks and uncivil words.

They were turning sadly away from the last house, feeling that their coming had been a mistake, when the woman who had just shut the door in their faces opened it again to say.

'Aw dunnot want nowt on ye, but theer's a poor critter over theer might be glad to see ye,' and she pointed to a door on the opposite side of the narrow, dirty passage. Gladly the ladies retraced their steps. Tapping at the door, it was opened by a painfully thin and scared-looking woman, who seemed reluctant, either to speak to them, or let them get a glimpse of her room.

A few words of kindness and sympathy, however, soon gained them admission. Entering, they found the room quite destitute of furniture, nor were there any signs of food or fire to be seen. Three starved-looking children crouched on the dingy floor, and stared in surprise and fear, at the intruders.

The pitiful tale was soon told. The husband, who once supported his wife and children in comfort, had been long out of work. Hearing that employment could be easily obtained in South Africa, he had scraped together all the money he could and set off promising to send help at once, and the means for his family to follow him as soon as possible. From that time the woman had never heard a word from him. Her own struggles to obtain a maintenance had been fruitless, and, driven to the verge of despair, she had resolved to throw herself and her little ones into the canal, thus, as she imagined, ending their misery for ever.

To relieve the bodily wants of the poor creatures was, of course, the first care of the messengers of mercy God in His great goodness had so opportunely sent to their aid. But before the visitors left, they obtained the poor woman's promise to come to that evening's service.

True to her word she arrived. But her mind, blunted by want and misery, seemed capable of taking in but little until the requests for prayer were read out. Amongst them was the following—

'Prayer is requested for a husband in South Africa.'

The words immediately arrested her attention, and even raised a faint hope in her mind, which strengthened as she listened to the earnest, simple petitions which followed. She too had a 'husband in South Africa.' Could it be possible that he might be reached in this way?

She determined to come again, and next night to beg the congregation to pray for her husband as well. Her sad case had become known, and fervent and believing were the prayers offered at the next evening's service that the heart of him who had so cruelly deserted her might be touched, and that he might be brought to repentance.

'Now, Lord, even now, Lord, so they prayed, 'while we are asking Thee, let the answer be given; let him turn from his evil ways and be brought to a knowledge of Thy pardoning love."

Who can tell the power of faithful prayer, or how far-reaching are its effects?

It was too true that the poor creature had been deserted. Arriving in a new country, the husband had at once realized how much better he could make his way free from the incumbrance of wife and little ones. Basely yielding to the temptation, he resolved to begin life anew as an unmarried man. His course was one of varied success. What he gained by skill or 'luck' he as quickly lost by extravagance and dissipation.

Now comes what may, to some, seem the strange part of the story, but to those who truly receive the words of the Lord Jesus—If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven'—only a natural sequence of the appeals for help in the Mission chapel at Manchester.

On the very day that special prayers were being made on his behalf, the man was possessed with a strange restlessness. Leaving the boon companions with whom he had promised to spend the evening hours, he mounted a horse and rode alone far into the country.

After travelling some miles, he was surprised to hear the sound of singing. He soon found that even in that lonely place a few faithful followers of Jesus had met together in an outbuilding to praise their loving Saviour, and implore His blessing.

Tying up his horse, the wanderer crept softly into the hut. He was kindly welcomed, and besought, then and there, to seek salvation. He did so, nor did he seek in vain. Joy to relate, he returned to his lodgings a new creature in Christ Jesus.

He then determined to make his way to one of the large towns in search of work. Through the kindness of some Christians he soon obtained a good situation.

Ere long the poor wife had the bliss of receiving a letter telling of her husband's change of heart, and enclosing some money for her use.

He had good news for her besides. His master had promised, if he would work well and steadily, for a year, to advance what money was needed, beyond what the man could save, to enable his wife and children to come out to him.

With a little extra aid in the way of work given by some of the Christian ladies, the woman was able to support herself and children. She too had entered into the joy of the Lord, through trusting in His cleansing blood. She now trusted day by day in her heavenly Father's care. A few months passed, and then came a letter which filled her heart with joy and gratitude.

The gentleman in South Africa was so pleased with his servant's skill and integrity, that he wished his family to join him at once, and the necessary funds were enclosed.

Soon a joyous little party set off from Liverpool. Ere long, tidings of their safe arrival and of the happy union of husband and wife, father and children, brought great gladness to the hearts of those whose prayers and help had been so blessed to these poor wanderers.—'Religious Intelligencer.'

Pioneer Sunday Schools.

A gentleman in Eastern Ontario has remitted four dollars to be applied in sending ten copies of the 'Northern Messenger' one year to each of two Pioneer Sunday-schools in the North-West Territory. If any of our readers know of pioneer schools in the North-West Territory which are unable to pay for their own papers, we should be glad to hear from them. Applications should be accompanied by letter of minister or superintendent, stating number of families attending, character of district, etc.

BOYS AND GIRLS

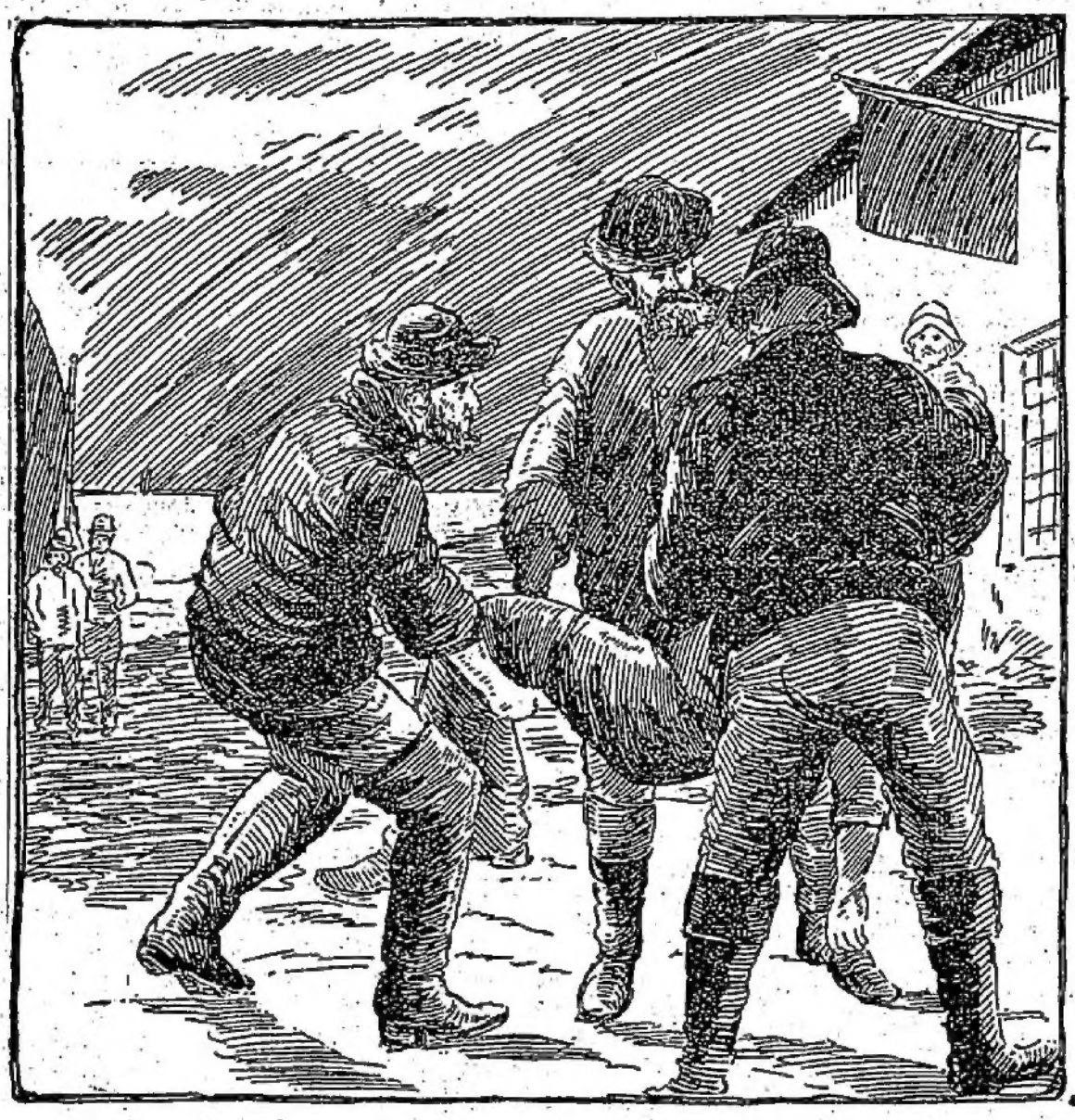
By the Side of the Cornish Sea.

(Mabel Quiller Couch in the 'Sunday Companion.')

I think of all the pretty girls I have ever seen the prettiest was Mercy Pendray, as I saw her when first she came to keep house for her father, Zekiel Pendray, after her mother's death.

I am quite sure when poor Jane Pendray knew that death was coming for her she had but one regret, and that was that someone would have to look after Zekiel, and she knew from bitter experience that to whomsoever that lot fell there was little of peace or happiness from without in life.

She knew, too—or, at least, she feared—that almost without doubt the lot would fall to Mercy—pretty, happy Mercy! her only child, as she often thanked God—from whom, thinking she was doing the best and kindest thing, she had kept as much as possible the knowledge of her father's character and



JOB TRUMAN'S BODY WAS CARRIED HOME.

weakness, not being able to endure the thought of the grief it would be to the girl.

It is doubtful if Mercy would ever have known if poor Jane herself had not broken down at last under the strain of trouble and want and hard work—broken down so suddenly and hopelessly, that she was dead and at rest before anything could be done for her.

When Zekiel was brought home, sulky at having been called away from The Wreckers' Arms before closing-time, Jane was safe from any display of temper on his part, and at peace for the first time for twenty years. He seemed to be a little frightened when he saw her lying on the bed, still and unconcerned, at his arrival, instead of being up and about, with the supper comfortably prepared for him. But by the time she was laid in Pensallas Churchyard, he had got over his first awe and dread of a like fate overtaking him, and began to think of some means for providing against future discomfort.

The only plan that entered his muddled, selfish brain was to keep Mercy at home, instead of letting her go back to her situation. Poor Mercy, who had come home dazed and overcome with grief at the suddenness and awfulness of her loss, had, so far, mistaken her father's half stupid manner for grief. And Mercy, longing to be with someone who could sympathize, and only desiring to do what was right and best, and what she thought her mother would have wished, consented without hesitation to give up her situation—where she had been as happy and comfortable as a girl could be—her independence, and her liberal wages, to come back to settle in Pensallas in a tiny, dilapidated cottage; to scrub and scour and dig; to be up late at night and early in the morning—though all this she did not know when she so gladly consented to stay at home.

Like all Pensallas folk, she had been dreadfully homesick at times, and the thought of being back in the dear old place was very comforting to her just now.

That she was sorry to leave her situation there is no denying, and more, too, than she had anticipated; for not only had she to part from one of the kindest mistresses a girl could have, but she had a lover in the town where she had been living—a lover whom she loved with all the depth of her quiet, deep nature, and of whom she was most justly proud.

A steadier, more respectable lover no girl could desire, and many a girl in the place—girls of higher position than Mercy—envied her the love of the prosperous young tradesman, and regretted that tall, graceful Mercy had ever appeared on the scene.

I called Mercy 'pretty' just now, but 'pretty' never seems the right word with which to describe her looks, which were uncommon and striking in a girl of her station. She was tall and graceful, with a carriage and bearing that were almost stately; her head was small and well shaped, and her features were refined and almost classical; her thick, glossy hair was drawn back smoothly from her broad, low forehead, beneath which shone two calm, beautiful eyes, full of intelligence and strength.

In a higher station Mercy would have been talked of as one of the most beautiful women of the day. As it was, she was almost unconscious that she was beautiful, for the round-faced, fluffy-haired type of beauty appealed far more than her refined style to the tastes of the people she had been brought up amongst. So no one, or very few, had told her she was beautiful. That I thought so I am sure she must have guessed, for when I was with her I could scarcely keep my eyes off her, it was such a pleasure to watch her.

So Mercy settled down happily enough at Pensallas, and at first the thought of making her father happy and comfortable helped to banish the traces of her own grief from her face.

Their cottage stood at the very end of the village, almost alone, by the side of the wide road which lay between Pensallas and Trenarth, the next village. Poor Jane Pendray's funeral took place the very day before my boy Michael was driven over and nearly killed, so that I did not see Mercy or her father for some weeks after she had settled down at home.

Directly I did I noticed the change in her. The home was as clean and spotless, the gardens as trim and well-cared for, as ever. From the look of the place one would not have known that death had come and stilled the hand which had cared for it. And Mercy, in her pretty pink frock, gave a freshness and picturesqueness to the spot which made it a treat to look at. She was standing in her little garden when I reached the gate, but with her back to me, cleaning the little windows of the one living-room.

She looked around when the gate clicked, and smiled pleasantly; but instead of the peaceful happy look I knew so well, her eyes were anxious and harassed, her whole face sad.

She seemed relieved when she saw who it was coming in, and very glad to see me, and led me to the cottage where the blue slate-floor, with its film of yellow sand over it, the shining stove, and the cleanliness of everything looked most cheery and inviting.

We sat and talked of the strange things that had happened in Pensallas while Mercy was away. But all the time there was with me a consciousness that this was only surface talk—that there were other things filling our hearts and minds—things we both would speak of, but which I could not touch upon until she spoke first.

By and by, when the light began to fade, and all the world to grow misty and sad with the end of another day, we reached the subject we both had nearest our hearts just then, and Mercy told me her tale: How she had given up her independence to come home to her father, and how happy she had been to do so; how strangely he had acted from the first—never coming in, save to meals, and then scarcely ever speaking to her. How by degrees he was getting from her all her savings, never giving her a penny of his wages to provide things with.

'I have not said a word to anyone but you, ma'am,' she said, with a look of shame on her pale face—shame for the father she had loved so much. 'I couldn't talk of it to others, but I had to tell you, ma'am. I felt I must tell you. You see, I—I can't go on here unless he mends his ways. I don't know how mother managed, but I don't see where or how I'm to get food.'

'Poor mother!' said Mercy, echoing my thought alouds. 'I know she did for the best, but I wish—I wish she had warned me. I

should have known then—I should have been prepared for what I had to face. Now I have started wrong, and gone on wrong, and must begin again.'

'She did it for the best,' I said; but I felt the truth of the girl's words. 'She wanted to spare you.'

'And bore a double share herself—poor mother! If I had only known, she might have been alive—no, I could not wish her alive; the womenfolk of such men can know no happiness in this world, but—I could have made her happier. She should not have borne what she had to bear.'

She spoke with all the impetuous intolerance of youth, but there was reason in what she said.

'He is my father, I know; but she should never have sacrificed herself to him. It did no good; it encouraged him. He never knew how she suffered, nor cared. Oh, ma'am!' she cried, tears starting to her eyes, 'I don't know if I am wrong or wicked to say it, but it seems to me so wrong and wicked to encourage such selfishness.

'Why should a man, because he is selfish and heartless enough, have everything done for him? Why, if he spends his wages in drink, and gives none to his wife for food, or clothes, or rent—why should she strive, and wear her life out in striving, to provide him with food and clothes, and keep a roof over his head? No, the man must never know to what straits they are driven. And what return do ninety-nine women out of a hundred get for their pains? Only abuse and neglect and ill-usage!'

I looked at the girl in amaze. This was so different to the abject spirit displayed by most women of her class.

'We must forgive till seventy times seven,' I murmured softly, for there was so much truth and right in the girl's words I could not argue against her.

'I would forgive,' she said eagerly, 'and would work my fingers to the bones if needs be. But it seems to me that it lowers a man to take it for granted that he cannot be sober and respectable, or support his family; it makes him an object of scorn, and ruins his character altogether to treat him so, and make him think nothing good is expected of him. Why should they not know the want and hunger and care they bring on their womenfolk.

'If they spend all on drink and their own pleasures, why should they eat when their wives and children go hungry? Why should they have more ease and comfort than those they are supposed to help and care for?

'We women would think it perfect happiness to go and do our day's work, no matter how hard, if we knew that at the end of the time we should come home to a tidy house and comfortable meals, with no more to do until the next day's regular work begins again, instead of our work, which is never done——

'Oh, it is no use my talking like this!' she cried, breaking off abruptly; 'only it makes me wild to see the way the men treat their womenfolk, and the way the women endure it. They are ruining the men—and the happiness of all women.'

Truth is often apt to be depressing, and I went away from Mercy Pendray's house perplexed and unhappy. The truth of her words was undeniable; the misery in store for one holding such opinions seemed to me immense.

A week after I was there the food supply and Mercy's little stock of money ran short. When she told her father, he looked at her as though a little surprised at being troubled about such trifles, and roughly bade her get what she wanted at the shop and pay for it when she could.

'I cannot do that, father,' she said. 'We shall never be better off than we are now. If you will give me part of your wages each week I will be as careful as I can, and do my best with it; but I will not go in debt when there is no need.'

He swore under his breath, and tossed her a shilling. Mercy took it without a word, and her father, glancing at her uneasily, slunk away.

As long as the shilling lasted there was food for him when he came home; and for a day or two he thought he had got over his difficulties, and Mercy would be as little trouble as her mother had been.

He changed his mind, though, when he came home and found no fire and no supper—only the dry remains of a loaf and a little weak tea. It did not strike him that it was harder on Mercy than on himself, and he swore at her again.

Mercy put down her work, and came to him quite calm and dignified, though as white as the tablecloth.

'Father,' she said. 'I am quite ready to stay here and work for you, but I will not be cursed and sworn at! If you don't want me I can go out in service again.'

For a moment he looked as though he would strike her. He was not accustomed to be hungry, or to be defied. But something in her manner deterred him.

After that he gave her five shillings a week regularly when he received his wages. It was little enough—too little to pay the rent, and buy coal and food and clothes; but Mercy did not complain. She meant to do her best, and she did it.

I got her some needlework to do. And with a few hens, and turning her garden to good account, she just managed to keep things going; and for two or three months things went on quietly. Zekiel was morose and ungenial always, but he seemed to respect his daughter; and he certainly did not treat her as he had treated his wife. She, for her part, was cheerful, to all appearances, and industrious. But I could not help noticing the droop of her lips, and the wistfulness in her eyes, both of which were becoming habitual to her.

'When is Dave coming to see you?' I asked. 'You must bring him to see me when he comes.'

'Oh,' she cried, 'I wish I could, ma'am. I am sure you would think well of him. But I can't have him over here, ma'am. How can I?'

'Why not?' I asked, thinking she meant she could not provide a meal or so for him.

'Oh, I can't, ma'am! I hope—I try not to be ashamed of father; and I am not—it isn't that. But Dave—he is very particular—and—and he was always down on them that takes too much and neglects their homes; and I gave him to understand father was so different, and—I couldn't bear to have him despise him. You may call it pride—I don't think it is—only mother was fond of father, and I couldn't bear him to despise what she loved.'

'I understand,' I said, full of wonder and sorrow that any man could slight the love of a daughter such as this.

'That is why I try to make father different. It hurts me to think he might be one of those Dave and I despised so much. So I don't let Dave come; he is always asking to.'

A few weeks later, just as Mercy's hopes of her father were highest, and a visit from Dave might be contemplated, the crash came. There was a row at the Wrecker's Arms one night, and a quarrel—a frightful quarrel—between Job Truman, a fisherman, and Zekiel Pendray, and when it was ended Job Truman's body was carried home to his poor, delicate little wife, and laid on the bed in the one little room the family shared; and Zekiel Pendray was led away to the lock-up to await the inquest.

I was much with Mercy during those next weeks while the trial went on, and after sentence was passed and Zekiel was taken away to serve his term of penal servitude. Terrible, terrible weeks those were, and my powers of consolation were taxed to the uttermost. I say consolation, but no one could console a heart wrung as Mercy's was then; one could only trust to God's gentle hand, and his great healer, Time.

'I think I was too proud, thinking I was going to succeed where other women had failed,' she said to me one day, 'and God is punishing me. Better I had left it to God to bring about in his own way.'

'No, no!' I cried, 'God works through us, and we must all try to help each other, or we are failing in what God asks of us. God does not punish one cruelly for trying to do what is right, if one tries, praying to him to direct one.

'One of the laws of existence is that no one can sin and escape all results of their sin; and the cruellest part of all is that the punishment and pain are not confined to the sinner; often it falls more hardly on others—on the innocent. That thought should be one of the greatest checks on us when we contemplate sin. We are preparing woe for others, and the greatest woe for those who love us best.

'This task was beyond you, and God is taking it on himself. No man can gauge the workings of the Almighty. We can only say to ourselves, "He loves me still, and does it all for the best, if not for me, then for the greatest number. I will trust him, and all will come right at last."'

'At last, at last!' she cried. 'Oh, when will that be?' And then she broke down and wept like a tired child, the first tears I had seen her shed at all.

A few days later she came to me. 'I have written to Dave, and told him all must be at an end between us,' she said; her lips quivered and her face was wrung with pain, but she did not weep.

'And I am going to stay on here,' she went on, after a pause.

I could imagine what the decision cost her, for her one longing had been to go away, far away, where no one would know her or her story.

'I shall be all right,' she went on. 'I am going to have poor Job Truman's widow and children to live with me. She is delicate but I am strong, and between us we will keep the children from the workhouse. You see it is through—my—father that they are left alone to face the world. I shall feel happier if I am doing something—for them.'

'But you have not room; your cottage is too small!'

'Yes,' she said, 'that is what I came to see you about, ma'am. Do you think we could have one of the deserted cottages on Pensallas Downs? You see, ma'am'—seeing my look of astonishment—'they are large, the largest we could get anywhere for what we could pay, and we thought we could earn a good bit if we took in washing to do, and out there would be a capital drying-ground.'

I was startled, and rather alarmed at the thought of those two women, with only three small children for company, living in that neglected place. It seemed impossible.

'I would go into service, and send her part of my wages,' Mercy said, in answer to my arguments, 'but it would be so little to divide among so many, and—and she is so delicate and miserable, and can't manage the children very well, and—well, I think I could do more good if I were to stay with her.'

We talked the matter over for some time.

I was rather adverse to Mercy's saddling herself with such an undertaking, when her former mistress was ready and anxious to have her back, and a comfortable home was thus awaiting for her, and her lover to comfort her in her trouble. But Mercy would not hear of returning to her mistress or her lover. She was bent on making some reparation to her father's own victims; and after I had been to poor Mary Truman I was obliged to agree with her.

Mary was not fit to face life alone. If Mercy left her, certainly the workhouse would have to become the home of her and her children, and the thought of that was torture to her.

So Mercy took her and the children to her own little house, and on her own little earnings, and the parish pay the poor widow and her children were obliged to have, they managed to live for the time. Meanwhile we were doing our best to find the owner of the deserted cottages by Pensallas Mine, and a difficult task we found it; but the owner once found, all else was comparatively easy, and for the sum of ten pounds each he was ready to sell all the cottages as they stood, and the gardens attached.

'Oh, how I longed to buy them myself, and put them in repair, and the little gardens in order! It had always been one of my pet schemes, and now here was the opportunity. But sixty pounds was more than I felt justified in putting out on a speculation like that; and I was trying to make plans for the purchase of one alone, and the doing of it up, when Mr. Parsons came forward and bought the lot.

Really I felt almost as pleased as though I had bought them myself, for Mr. and Mrs. Parsons were our sincere friends by this time, and I thought the scheme would interest them and give them pleasure, while a better landlord could not have been found. And in all the planning and arranging and repairing I had as much to do as they had, for they would have me to help and advise them in every detail.

Then Mercy and her adopted family moved in, making the little house look quite comfortable and home-like, with the two little lots of furniture. And Mercy transported her ducks and fowls to Pensallas Mine, and they throve wonderfully with their free run over Pensallas Downs; and between them the two women managed quite a lot of laundry work, which they obtained from some of the big houses in Troon.

I used to delight in standing in my window on Pensallas Hill, watching the lights twinkling away cheerily on Pensallas Down, and to walk out and inspect the flourishing little garden, where the poor, choked boy's love and lavender-bushes, which I used to pity in the days of their neglect, were now trimmed and cared for.

The walk to the deserted cottages and mine had always been a favorite of mine; but it became even more so now, and I often went to see how Mercy was succeeding in her new venture.

I think at that time her face grew more beautiful than ever before; the settled sadness, which was becoming its habitual expression during her life with her father, was banished by a look of brave purpose and sweet steadfastness. The children kept both the women from moping, and hard work, I hoped, would prevent their having time to feel dull or lonely.

'Mercy, Mercy! you will kill yourself with hard work!' I cried.

It was a stormy night in autumn, when the first touch of winter was on everything, and a cold, blustering wind swept unhindered over the moor.

I was driving in to Troon to meet my husband, who was coming by the late train; and about a mile from her cottage I met Mercy struggling along under the weight of a cumbersome basket of linen she was carrying into Troon. She stopped as I drew up, and smiled at me, dropping her burden on to the ground for a moment while she rested and tried to gain her breath; but I noticed the drawn lines about her mouth, the old sadness in her eyes.

'Put your basket in at the back,' I said, 'and jump up beside me.'

She did so most gratefully, and I drove on again.

'Mercy,' I said, after a few moments, 'what is it? What is the matter?'

She seemed to me to be unusually tired and quiet, and I thought I saw a tear fall down her cheek and splash on her crossed hands.

'Oh, it's nothing new, ma'am, thank you. I think it is only I am extra tired.' But the tears fell faster as she spoke.

'Is it about your father?'

'Oh, no, ma'am. I haven't heard anything new about him.'

'Is it—is it David?'

Her lip quivered, and I saw her hands clasp convulsively.

'You wrote to him '

'I wrote telling him—I—couldn't ever be anything to him now—and we had better part.'

'And he refused?'

'He agreed at once.'

'He agreed at once.'

That was all; but I knew something of what those words meant to her. If he had refused to accept her release, if he had shown some reluctance, it would have gladdened the rest of her days.

Nothing, I knew, would have induced her to go to him with a disgraced name; but some demur on his part at her self-sacrifice, some offer of consolation in her awful trouble, would have made her sacrifice a thousand times easier.

But no! In his selfishness he had thought only of himself, and had knocked away her last earthly stay or comfort. Had the blot been on his name—yes, even had he brought it there himself, instead of being an innocent victim, as she was—she would have clung to him only the more faithfully.

Mercy seemed to read my thoughts in my silence.

'Please, ma'am, you must not think I am blaming him,' she said anxiously.

'Only, Mercy,' I said. 'I think God in his goodness sees that this man could never have brought you happiness. My poor Mercy, you are drinking deep of the cup of bitterness. But trust and hope, Mercy. God is guiding you. Hold fast to the hand of Jesus, and trust and hope, and all will come right at last.'

'Thank you, ma'am,' she said softly.

And then she disappeared in the darkness with her burthen.

(To be continued.)

A Successful Plan.

There is a very pleasing story told in one of the religious journals. A bright boy of South Carolina believes in missions, and believes in them so thoroughly that he must needs do something to help them on to success. He has thought out his plan, probably with the aid of some older head, but he has followed his own suggestion, and last year he sent $100 to the Southern Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, the proceeds of sales of canary birds which he raised himself. His heart ought to be light enough to sing merrily all the time.

Our Mysterious Neighbors.

('Light in the Home.')

'But you don't mean to say,' said I,
'That you're going to hire that man?
They're the queerest people you've seen
Since ever the world began!

I'd be careful, indeed, I would!'
And I shook my head and looked wise.
'And I'd like to be very sure
That he wasn't telling lies.'

Mrs. Mills just said, 'Well, well, well!
P'r'aps I'd better take Bruce instead.'
Then she dropped her voice: 'But, my dear,
What is it he's done?' she said.

Then I drew as close as I could—
There was but us two in the shop—
'It must go no further,' I said;
'I haven't much time to stop.

But the people that I would trust
Don't hide like rats in a hole,
And pop out their heads at dark;
It's a way that I cannot thole!

You see the house lies next ours,
And the gardens march together;
But they scarcely ever come out
Through all this sunny weather.

Then, they came after goin' each day;
And sure that was odd to begin
To choose the dark of the evening
As the time for settling in.

And I'm sure that there's something wrong,
Though I wouldn't tell any but you.'
Here I stopped; for, to tell the truth,
There was little more I knew.

The house was unhealthy, folks said
Had lain empty many a day,
At last we heard it was taken
By people from miles away.

And I watched and wondered for weeks
What like the new neighbors would be;
For 'twas lonely there where we lived,
And it mattered the most to me.

But they came, when they came at last,
In the darkening after the day,
And for all that we knew of them
They'd just as well stayed away.

Through the long three weeks since they came
I had never once crossed their floor,
And the only words we had said
Had been spoken by their door.

Whenever they came outside,
They would shut the door at their back;
They'd go in if they saw us near,
They never came round to crack.

The man was so big and thin,
With a squint and the reddest hair;
He'd a wife, and, as well as her,
Two old people lived in there.

I had seen them—an old, old man,
And an old, old woman—one day
When they brought them out in the sun,
And thought we were all away.

They'd a cat with such queer green eyes:
It was very unfriendly too,
And a big black cock and a hen:
They were all quite queer, it is true.

It had been my duty to speak,
I told myself; yes, indeed,
Mrs. Mills had been warm in thanks,
She said she would take good heed.

I found mother making the tea,

And I told her what I had said,
How I'd warned Mrs. Mills in time
Then mother grew very red.

'Oh, Annie—oh, Annie,' she cried,
'Will you r ever—no, never learn
All the mischief that words can do?'
She said it quite sharp and stern.

'Will you not learn to hold your tongue
When you've nothing but ill to say?
Well, you'll live, p'r'aps, to feel regret
For what you have said to-day.

What harm do you know of them, child,
That you go to blacken their name?'
Then I tossed my head, and I frowned,
And muttered it was a shame.

'What harm have I said? Dear me!
I said nothing but just "Take care";
And I know I could never trust
A man with such bright red hair.

And he's got such a wicked squint—
No, I'm quite, quite sure that I'm right.'
Mother laughed. 'You can't blame a man
For a trifle wrong with his sight.

They named you too well at school,'
Said mother, just shaking her head;
'They named you too true, too true—
"Meddlesome Matty,"' she said.

I said never another word;
But mother knew well I was vexed
From the way that I slapped things down
When I went to get supper next.

Mother often had said to me,
'Curiosity killed the cat,'
But I wasn't curious a bit;
I was right, and I'd prove her that!

There was something wrong, I was sure;
I was quite, quite sure I was right,
And I'd take the best of good care
To keep the neighbors in sight.

The McNeills were in the next day—
The McNeills and old Jenny Brown,
For the lane by our house
Was their nearest way from town.

'Sure I hear,' said old Jenny Brown,
'They are bad ones that live out by.
'Deed, you'd better lock up your house,
Or they'll steal things on the sly.'

Kate McNeill said, 'The man asked work
Just as bold as brass, so they say;
But by luck they were warned in time,
And sent him post haste away.'

Well, I looked at mother, and smiled,
And I thought, 'Well, at any rate,
She'll see who's right now.' But she sighed,
And said, 'But who told you, Kate?'

'Faith, I scarcely mind,' Kate began.
'Why, 'twas Mrs. Mills,' Jenny said.
Then mother looked over at me,
And I felt my cheeks grow red.

Her look meant, 'See the harm you've done';
But I colored, and wouldn't see.
It was really very hard;
She was always blaming me!

And I flung away in a huff.
"Time would tell who was right,' thought I;
'They should see just what they should see
Before many days went by.'

I made friends with the big black cock,
Till he'd pick up corn from my hand.

Once I spoke to the wee old man;
He scarce seemed to understand.

I felt sure that the great thin man
Was bad to the two old folks;
I'd have not been surprised to hear
He beat them, so gruff he spoke.

Once the woman saw me coming,
And she banged the door in my face!
There was something wrong — not a doubt—
We scarce were safe in the place!

Now I think I have said before
That our gardens marched together
And I think I have also said
That it was most lovely weather;

So one evening—the dusk had fallen—
And I went to sit by the hedge
(I was trimming my Sunday skirt,
With a flounce all round the edge);

And all in a minute I found
I could hear though I couldn't see,
And the red-haired man and his wife
Were talking quite close to me.

Well, of course, what I should have done
Was to get up and go away,
Or to cough. But I told myself
I was in the right to stay;

I must find out what they had done,
And if we were safe or not.
Well, the very first words I heard
Just glued me down to the spot!

The man was the first to speak,
And his voice sounded harsh and strong:
'Indeed, Bessie, the fact is this,
We have waited far too long;

But you were so fond of him, aye,
It was that kept us back—eh, Bess?'
Then the woman's voice came: 'I know
That it's my fault. I confess

It just breaks my heart, Willy dear,
To think that he must be slain!
Must we kill her too? Poor old thing!
It really gives me pain!'

'Well, she'll fret when he's gone, I'm feared,
But we'll let her live; p'r'aps, maybe,
She's of use and no trouble there:
But they're both so old, don't you see?

You are far too soft-hearted, wife;
But I hate to do it, indeed!
You must fetch me your sharpest knife;
He's almost too old to bleed.'

They moved on. I raised my face,
All whitened and changed with the fear:
I was shaking from head to foot;
My head felt dizzy and queer.

If they heard me from where I crouched,
Would they murder me there as well?
What a villainous plot I'd found!
Yes, I must get away and tell.

I must rescue the poor old man;
But ah! should I be in time?
I must now be brave to prevent
This awful, most brutal crime!

I softly rose to my feet,
And I ran—ah me! how I ran!
And I seemed to see always near
The face of that awful man.

And I seemed to hear footsteps come
As I flew along in the dark,
And each tree seemed a murderer's form
As I dashed through the silent park.

But I got to the town at last.
And I rang at the barrack door,
And I sank down breathless and faint;
I felt I could bear no more.

The policemen came hastening in,
But I saw each face in a mist,
And I would have fallen, but a man
Caught me quickly by the wrist.

But time was precious. I gasped,
With white lips and shuddering breath,
'There's a murder just going on!
Save a poor old man from death!'

There was bustle—hurrying feet—
As they rushed for their truncheons then;
I was hurried back on my steps
Between two great stalwart men.

On we ran o'er the long, dark road,
We were feared to lose any time;
We might even now be too late
To prevent this awful crime.

And then on, down the garden path,
Quick and cautious our way we took,
Still nearer, nearer, and nearer—
How I trembled!—how I shook!

The low window was opened wide,
But the blind was drawn close and square,
And a man's tall shadow lay—
Oh, what might be happening there!

Then sudden there floated out
The man's cruel voice—'Quick, wife!
There's no good in our wasting time;
Be quick, Bess, and bring the knife.'

I let out one quick, gasping scream—
'They are murdering him!' I cried,
Then the sergeant, with one sharp knock,
Burst the door, and we rushed inside.

A bright light dazzled our eyes
With the bursting in of the door,
And at first we could only see
A dark figure on the floor.

There—there stood the red-haired man—
He'd turned when he heard our knock—
And, clasped by its wings, he held
The great black Spanish cock!

Two policemen seized his arms
In their broadened and stalwart fists,
And, before a word had been said,
They slipped handcuffs on his wrists.

The man stood staring, amazed,
Fairly stunned by the sudden shock,
And the cock rushed screaming about—
Oh! how it screamed, that cock!

The old people shrieked out shrill
From their seat by the dying fire,
And the woman just dropped her knife,
And yelled to her heart's desire.

The sergeant waved both his hands,
And he tried to make them quiet:
'I must beg of you all,' he said,
'To stop this unseemly riot!'

Truly you need not scream, old man;
We have come here to save your life!
If five minutes more had passed,
Your throat had felt this sharp knife!

You are saved, I tell you—saved!'
But the old man screamed the more;
When the sergeant seized the knife
He made for the open door.

But they caught him—the poor old man,
And the women fell sobbing fast;
But a moment's quiet came
When the prisoner spoke at last.

He spoke quite quiet and slow:
'If there's any sense—which I doubt—

In one man of you, might I ask
What on earth this is all about?'

'Hold your tongue!' said the sergeant gruff,
'Mind your words—they may cost you your life.
Murderer! See the poor old man
We have saved from your brutal knife!'

'A murd'rer—my knife—you're mad!'
Said the man, with a sudden cry.
First he stared, then he gave a laugh
Could be heard both far and nigh.

And he laughed, and laughed, and laughed—
We thought he'd gone mad with the shock—
Till he gasped out, 'Good gracious me!
I was going to kill the cock!'

In one moment I felt and saw
What a terrible fool I'd been;
In one moment we each one knew
The meaning of all we'd seen.

The 'old thing' they'd spoken of
Was—not a man, but a bird!
What an utter fool I'd been!
It was really too absurd!

And the man still laughed and laughed,
And he shook till we thought he'd drop:
The policemen began to laugh
As if they could never stop.

But one person didn't laugh,
And that was poor foolish me;
And I crept away in the dusk,
And waited no more to see.

I wished—oh, how much I wished!—
That the neighbors were far away,
For I knew I should never hear
The last of that dreadful day.

And I haven't. I heard next day
The whole that I hadn't known
The neighbors had not wanted us
To see how poor they had grown.

So they'd kept the house door closed,
For they'd wanted fire and food
And their clothes were so worn and old—
If I'd only understood!

I had stopped his chances of work
By the gossip I'd set around;
He had tried on day after day,
But not one job had he found.

And the old man grew sick and frail,
So they'd brought the doctor to see,
And the doctor had ordered him
To be fed on chicken tea.

It was then that I'd heard them talk,
For the cock was the wife's great pet
And the thought that he must be killed,
It couldn't but make her fret.

Well, we saved his life at the least,
For when mother heard all, instead
She sent them two fine fat chickens—
She couldn't do less, she said.

And she spoke for him everywhere,
So that soon after that work came;
But she never once said to me
One word of reproof or blame.

But I was ashamed of myself,
And if ever police went by,
There wasn't a poacher about
Would run half so fast as I!

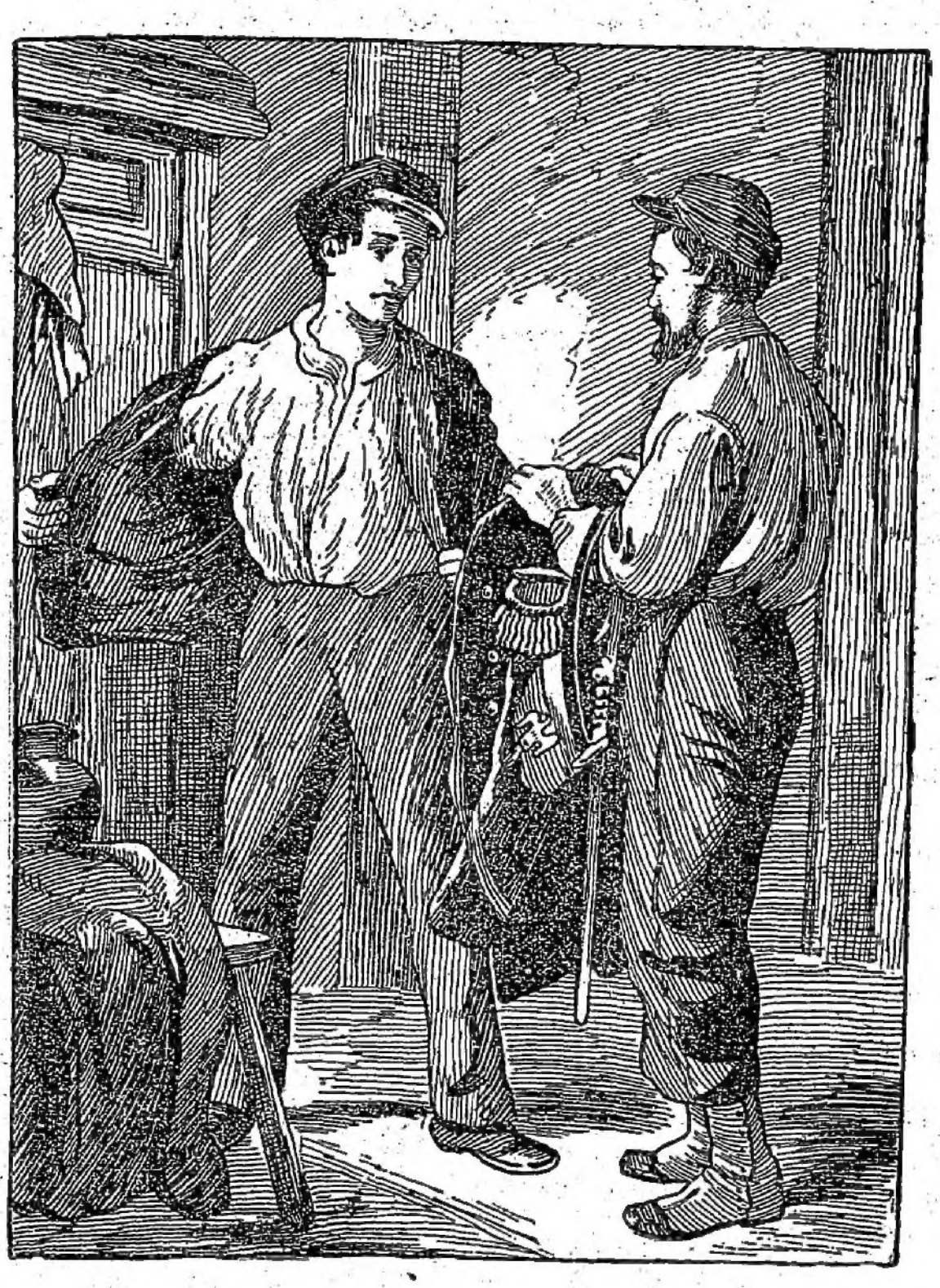
I told my neighbor one day
I was worried out of my mind
To think of the harm I'd done;
She was very, very kind.

We're as great as can be these days,
And he's bought a good piece of land,
And the cock still comes round to eat
The grains of corn from my hand.

But if ever I seem inclined,
To be 'Meddlesome Matty' anew,
Mother knows she need only say
One word—'Cock-a-doodle-do!'

The Conscript's Substitute.

While the fierce war of 1848 was covering the beautiful hills and valleys of Italy with the dead and wounded, a young man was, by the law of conscription, called to leave his comfortable home for the perils of the battle field. The tender affection of his father led him to try every means to procure a substitute. He put advertisements in the papers,



made applications to the recruiting officers, and offered a bounty of £80, but all in vain.

The day of departure came, and the young soldier, in silent despair, set off with his knapsack on his back, his gun on his shoulder, and filled with grief at being separated from his beloved parents. One of his cousins, whose noble and generous heart was touched at the sight of his deep grief, followed him to the barracks, and having arrived at the conscript's office he took his hand and said, 'Dear Cesare, thy sorrow is worse than death to me. Come in; give me thy uniform; it will fit me as well as it does thee. I will go to the battle-field in thy stead. I am an orphan; thou art not. If I should die, only remember that I have loved thee.'

The conscript at first refused; he could scarcely believed that his cousin was in earnest; and if so, how could he accept the generous offer But as the brave fellow persisted in his determination, and pleaded earnestly with him, he succeeded at last in persuading Cesare Manati to accept this great proof of his friendship, and they went together to the War Office in order to settle the substitution. One undressed himself and the other put on the military attire.

Who can tell the admiration of the parents of the redeemed conscript for the generous substitution, and their joy in seeing their beloved son for ever relieved from the danger of perishing on the field of battle In the excess of his gratitude the conscript's father offered the cousin £100; but he refused it, and said, 'I go as a friend, not as a hireling. It is love, not money, which leads me to take Cesare's place.' He went—he fought—he died! A grateful heart raised a monument to his memory, with this epitaph, 'The redeemed conscript Cesare Manati, to his voluntary substitute, Carlo Donaldi.' That memorial of love, however, was destroyed at Solferino during the Italian war.

This beautiful incident is but a faint shadow of the unbounded love of Jesus, who was the Son of God. Sin had entered into the world, and death by sin. But God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'—'Friendly Visitor.'

Dear-Sweet and Dear-Naughty.

Oh, but May did have a hard time!

She was a dear little girl, 'Sometimes dear-sweet and sometimes dear-naughty, but always dear,' said mamma with her soft voice.

'I want to go into my room and pull down the shades and be very quiet, little May, for I have a very bad headache. Do you think you could play with all your playthings quite softly for two hours?' said mamma one day.

'Yes, mamma; poor mamma!' said the little girl, patting her mother's cheek.

That was dear-sweet May.

Well, she was very still for a whole hour. She put her dollies to bed, for they had headaches, and she pulled down the shades and stepped softly, and rocked in her rocking-chair.

Then there was a great noise in the street!

May ran to the window and saw a horse running away, and heard men calling, 'Whoa! whoa!' and saw a waggon breaking all to pieces.

Oh, it was so interesting! But May could see very little from the window. She ran downstairs and into the yard. The horse was running up the street.

'Mamma said to be quiet, and if I go in the street it won't 'sturb her,' May said to herself.

That was dear-naughty May.

She could not open the gate, so she tried to crawl under the fence, and when she got halfway she could not go any farther. She tried to crawl back, but she could not move, except to kick her feet.

Mamma saw her. She had heard little May go downstairs and was watching at the window.

May lay there, pulling and pushing for a long time, and then, slowly, she came out on the street side. But the horse was far away, and nobody was passing, and May wanted to go back again.

'Poor mamma! I wasn't good, dear mamma,' she said.

That was dear-sweet May.

The tears began to roll down her cheeks, and mamma, seeing them, spoke to her.

'What's the matter, little girl?'

'Oh, mamma, Dear-naughty's havin' such a hard time!'

But the tears stopped. Mamma's soft voice always cured tears.

When they were up in the nursery once more, mamma said:—

'Now, May, say the verse.'

'The way of "gressors."'

'Transgressors. What does it mean?'

'Oh, dear-naughties,' said May. 'But the way of 'em is hard!'—'Mayflower.'

Like a Cradle.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking.
Silent, peaceful, to and fro;
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,

Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning;
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow
Falls the light of God's face, bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best,

So when we are weak and weary,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

—Saxe Holm.

'Seeing the Animals.'

One day last June papa stayed at home from the office to take mamma and two-and-a-half-year-old Henry Paull to see the animals at Central Park. Henry Paull lives in the country, and had to take a little walk to the railway station and get on the 'choo choo' cars for a half hour's ride, then cross the ferry and ride in the nice horse cars and 'bump e-ty bump' up Fifth Avenue.

Henry Paull thinks papa makes the cars go, so whenever the horse car or stage stopped to take on or let off passengers, Henry Paull said, 'Go on, papa,' for he surely thought he would never get to see the animals.

At last papa said, 'Here we are, Henry Paull,' and how happy Henry Paull looked as he took papa's hand and trotted along by papa's side first to see the lions.

The mamma lion had three dear little lions beside her; two of them were quarrelling over a big bone that the keeper had given them for their dinner, but the other was playing with his mamma as she was lying on the floor—jumping on her head, trying to bite her ears—while the mamma lion gently put him aside with her paws, and when he was too rough chided him with a low growl. Henry Paull liked this, and wondered why papa would not hold him up longer to see the big mamma and her babies.

I think Henry Paull was rather glad that he did not have to stay long before papa's lion cage, for the papa lion was awfully hungry, so hungry that he kept walking up and down his cage, and every little while roaring so loud and long that even mamma was glad to go away.

The tigers, too, were very tired of waiting for their dinner, and scolded about it. So Henry Paull clung close to papa, and was glad to go to see the elephant, who was quietly eating hay, as he stood in the doorway. I'm afraid Henry Paull had a funny idea of the big elephant, as on one side of the building he could only see the big back and tail, and on the other side the long trunk gathering up the hay.

Anyway, Henry Paull was willing to go on very soon to see the cunning little prairie dogs, which he was sure were little 'pussy cats;' then up to see the great bears, panting in the heat, and at last to the

tank where the hippopotami were, and just in time to see big Caliph and his family fed.

What a sight that was! The man had large sacks of whole loaves of Vienna bread, and as he came to the edge of the water all the big mouths opened, and into the papa and mamma hippopotami mouths he tossed the loaf without breaking, while he broke it in two pieces for the little hippopotamus. In this way he fed them a great many loaves of bread, and then from another sack he took as many potatoes as he could and sent those into those big, big mouths that opened as soon as he came anywhere near. And what do you suppose they had for dessert? Why each one would have had nice red apples, only mamma hippopotamus turned away when offered hers, and they went to the baby hippopotamus. Do you think that was because like your mamma she would rather her baby had the treat, or because she was no longer hungry? Henry Paull loves apples, and the sight of these made him wish that he could have one, so mamma had to promise to get him one before they went home.

Next we went to see the birds, and here Henry Paull discovered an old friend, for there among all the strange, funny birds was robin redbreast, just the same one he thought that sung in his own apple tree by Sister Sara's window; he was very happy over this discovery, and cared very little for the other birds.

Such a tired little boy as went home that night! Though it was months ago, he still talks of going to Central Park, and asks mamma to go again.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

The Child and the Queen.

Befurchte (gardener to Elizabeth, consort of Frederick II.) had one little daughter, with whose religious instruction he had taken great pains. When this child was five years of age, the Queen saw her one day while visiting the royal gardens at Schonhausen, and was so much pleased with her, that a week afterwards she expressed a wish to see the little girl again. The father accordingly brought his artless child to the palace, and a page conducted her into the royal presence. She approached the Queen with untaught courtesy, kissed her robe, and modestly took her seat, which had been placed for her, by the Queen's order, near her own person. From this position she could overlook the table at which the Queen was dining with the ladies of her Court, and they watched with interest to see the effect of so much splendor on the simple child. She looked carelessly on the costly dresses of the guests, the gold and porcelain on the table, and the pomp with which all was conducted, and then, folding her hands, she sang with her clear, childish voice, these words:—

'Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
Are all my ornament and dress;
Fearless, with these pure garments on,
I'll view the splendors of Thy throne.'

All the assembly were struck with surprise at seeing so much feeling, penetration, and piety in one so young. Tears filled the eyes of the ladies, and the Queen exclaimed, 'Ah, happy child! how far we are below you!'—'Friendly Visitor.'

Terrible Aches.

Jessie sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillow-case for her own little pillow. 'All this?' she asked, in a discontented tone, holding the seam out.

'That is not too much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her own,' said her mother.

'Yes,' thought Jessie, 'mother has given me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew,' and with that she took a few stitches quite diligently.

'I have a dreadful pain in my side,' said Jessie in a few minutes. 'My thumb is very sore,' she complained. 'Oh, my hand is so tired!' was the next. Next there was something the matter with her foot, and then with her eyes, and so she was full of trouble.

At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother.

'Should I not first send for a doctor?' asked her mother.

'The doctor for me, mother?' cried the little girl, as surprised as she could be.

'Certainly; a little girl so full of pains and aches must be ill, and the sooner we have the doctor the better.'

'Oh, mother,' said Jessie, laughing, 'they were sewing aches; I am well now.'—'Sunday-school Evangelist.'

The Widow's Two Mites.

One day Jesus was sitting in the Temple with his disciples. Near him were some boxes with wide open mouths like trumpets in which people put money.

While Jesus was sitting there a poor widow came. She had only two mites, which make a farthing, but she put them both in, so that she had no money at all left.

Jesus was very pleased, and said that she had put in more than the rich people who threw much money into the boxes. For they still had plenty of money left, but the poor widow had put in all she had.—'Our Little Dots.'

Going to Church.

(M. Maddick in 'Our Little Dots.')

The church bells are ringing—oh, what do they say?
'Come, come, little children, to Jesus to-day!'

The church is the house of our Saviour, you know,
And into His presence He asks you to go.

He loves little children, He wants you to feel
That Jesus is close at your side when you kneel.

He'll listen so kindly to every prayer,
And gladly will give you the tenderest care.

The church bells are ringing—oh, never say 'No,'
For think of dear Jesus, who begs you to go,

As into His house He invites you to-day,
To sing to His glory, and listen—and pray.

Remember, my children, what Jesus has done;
He died for you, darlings, yes, every one,

And now He is saying—and so lovingly—
'Oh, suffer the children to come unto Me.'

The church bells are ringing aloud, far and wide,
'Come, come, for the love of the Saviour who died.'

LESSON XIII.—JUNE 25.

Review of the Life of Christ.

John xi-xxi.

Golden Text.

'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'—I. Tim. i., 15.

Home Readings.

M. John xi., 32-45.—The raising of Lazarus.
T. John xiii., 1-17.—Jesus teaching humility.
W. John xiv., 1-14.—Jesus the Way, the Truth and the Life.
T. John xv., 1-11.—The Vine and the Branches.
F. John xviii., 1-14.—Christ betrayed and arrested.
S. John xix., 17-30.—Christ crucified.
S. John xx., 11-20.—Christ risen.

Jesus Christ.

LESSON I.—The Lifegiver.—Jesus raises Lazarus from the tomb after he has lain dead four days. He comforts the sorrowing sisters, and promises eternal life to all who truly believe on him. 'I am the resurrection and the life.'

LESSON II.—The Blesser.—Jesus at a feast with Lazarus and Simon receives the gift of the grateful Mary. The woman anointing his feet with the costly ointment is rebuked for extravagance by Judas, but her act is blessed and appreciated by Christ. 'She hath done what she could.'

LESSON III.—Our Example.—Our Lord rebuked the pride and selfishness of the disciples by performing for them the menial offices they did not wish to perform for one another. The washing was a type of regeneration and cleansing from sin, and of the necessity in the follower of Christ of a pure heart and clean mind. 'I have given you an example.'

LESSON IV.—The Way, the Truth and the Life.—On the last night before the crucifixion, our Lord instituted the 'last supper,' the holy communion feast which is to be observed by all who love him in sincerity and truth until he comes again to this earth. The Lord Jesus is the way to heaven, because we can only come to God through him. He is the truth, nothing false can abide in his presence. He sees our innermost thoughts. Christ is our life. (John i., 3, 4; x., 10.) He has gone to prepare a place for all who love him, and is by his Spirit, preparing those who love him here to dwell with him forever.

'Thou art the Way: to Thee, alone,
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.'

LESSON V.—The Promise of the Comforter.—Jesus had to leave his disciples, they could not go with him through the battle and conquest over sin and death. (John xiii., 36.) They must stay in the world, but our Lord promised that they should not be left comfortless (or orphans), for the Father would send to them the Holy Spirit to live in and abide with them forever, comforting, strengthening and teaching them. 'I will pray the Father and he shall give you another Comforter.'

'Come and banish all that grieves Thee,
Come and cleanse me from all sin;
Bring me Jesus in His fulness,
Make my heart a heaven within.'

LESSON VI.—The Vine.—As the branches and twigs are fastened to the vine by a living, clinging union, so the believer must be joined to the Lord Jesus, having his very life flowing in and through us. Bearing holy fruit, the fruit of holy living by his Holy Spirit's dwelling in us. Only a thoroughly cleansed heart can be the dwelling place of the Holy One. The heart that is washed and forgiven at conversion must be purged from all the old life before the Holy Spirit can abide in us, bringing forth fruit to the glory of God. 'I am the vine, ye are the branches.'

LESSON VII.—In Gethsemane.—After comforting his disciples and praying for them, the Master took them out to the quiet garden of Gethsemane, where they had often gone for prayer and rest. Judas the traitor knew also of the place and brought a band of armed men to take Jesus captive. Jesus gave himself up to them because he knew that he was to give his life for ours. The soldiers led the Son of God away to the high priest to be condemned. 'He is despised and rejected of men.'

LESSON VIII.—Denied.—Christ before the high priest, Caiaphas, is questioned and insulted. Peter and John follow their Master into the palace, but Peter denies having any connection with the suffering Saviour. 'He came unto his own, and his own received him not.'

LESSON IX.—The Faultless One.—Early in the morning they led Jesus to the judgment hall of Pilate, accusing him falsely of treason and conspiracy. Pilate could find no reason to condemn him, and wished to release him, but the people cried out that Christ should be crucified, and Barabbas, a notorious robber, should be released. And so the coward Pilate weakly yielded to the people and priests' demands, and commanded the crucifixion of Jesus. Pilate three times repeated the sentence, 'I find no fault in him.'

LESSON X.—Our Redeemer.—The king of life and glory dies on the cruel cross for the remission of our sins. The inscription over the cross in three languages is, 'The King of the Jews,' but the Jews have rejected their king. Two thieves are crucified with Jesus, one mocks, the other prays, and is promised eternal life. Seven words (or sentences) were spoken from the cross, words of forgiveness and love and intense suffering. The cruel soliders were indifferent to his pain, the people mocked at his suffering, and today men and women are as mocking and indifferent as they were then, and only the few faithful loving hearts stand round the cross of Jesus, daring to be loyal and true at any cost. Where would you have stood on that day? Where do you stand now? 'The Son of God who loved me and gave himself for me.'

Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will for Him go?

Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life blood,
For Thy diadem.
By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

—F. R. Havergal.

LESSON XI.—The Risen Saviour. Three days and three nights the Lord Jesus had been in death's grasp. But on the beautiful Resurrection morning, the first day of the week, the Lord Jesus rose again forever conqueror over death and sin. He spoke peace to the weeping Mary and sent her to tell the disciples, his brethren, that he had risen and was alive forevermore. Again the Lord appeared to the disciples many times, and shewed himself alive by many infallible proofs. (Acts i., 2-4, 9-11.) And at the end of forty days the Son of God ascended up into heaven again to reign with his Father forever and ever, still loving and caring for his own people. 'Now is Christ risen from the dead.'

LESSON XII.—The New Life. Christ is the life of every believer. (John xv., 4.) The new life must cleanse out the old life with all its affections and desires, the worldly mind must be superseded by the mind of Christ. Everything must be looked at as God sees things, and our life must be sincere and blameless before God. It is to be no longer our life but Christ living in us. (Gal. ii., 20.) 'Let the peace of God rule in your hearts.'

C. E Topic.

June 25.—Spiritual growth. Mark iv., 26-32.

Junior C. E.

June 25.—What qualities make up a perfect Christian character? I. Cor. xiii., 4-8.

Tobacco Catechism.

CHAPTER III.—PROPERTIES AND EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

1. Q.—Is tobacco a drug?

A.—Yes; and it is a saying among physicians that 'No drug should ever be taken in health.'

2. Q.—Is tobacco a food?

A.—No, tobacco is a poison. It cannot give to the blood any matter for building up the body, but takes away the vital force.

3. Q.—What does Dr. Orfila, President of the Paris Medical Academy, assert?

A.—'Tobacco is the most subtle poison known to the chemist, except the deadly prussic acid.'

4. Q.—What does Dr. Humphrey say of the general effect of tobacco?

A.—'Tobacco is a narcotic plant which no brute will eat, which affords no nutriment, which every stomach loathes till cruelly drugged into submission.

'It stupefies the brain, shatters the nerves, destroys the coats of the stomach, creates an insatiable thirst for stimulants, and prepares the system for fatal diseases.'

5. Q.—What is meant by a narcotic plant

A.—A plant that contains a poison that will produce stupor, and in large enough quantities will produce death.

6. Q.—What poison is in tobacco?

A.—A deadly narcotic poison, nicotine.

7. Q.—Who gave nicotine its name?

A.—Linnaeus, the Swedish naturalist, called it Nicotiana, after Nicot, the French Ambassador at Portugal, who carried the tobacco plant from Lisbon to France in 1560.

8. Q.—What do physicians say of the effect of nicotine?

A.—Nicotine lowers the circulation, quickens the breathing, and weakens the action of the heart and muscles; but its effect is general exhaustion.'

The 'Scientific Monthly' says that there is enough of nicotine in one cigar to kill two men if given in a pure state.

9. Q.—What use did the Indians make of nicotine?

A.—They poisoned their arrows by dipping them into nicotine. Death often being the result of their poisoned arrow wounds.

It is also said that they chewed tobacco and spurted the poisonous juice into the eyes of their enemies, in this way making them blind.

10. J.—What proofs can you give that tobacco is poisonous?

A.—If given to a dog he will die in spasms.

And a single drop of liquid taken from a pipe stem and placed on the tongue of a cat will kill it almost instantly.

11. Q.—What does Professor Johnston, of Durham, say of its poisonous effects

A.—'The Hottentots are said to kill snakes by putting a drop of nicotine on their tongues. The reptiles die instantly as if killed by an electric shock. It acts in the same way as prussic acid.'

12. Q.—Why does not tobacco kill people when they first begin to use it?

A.—Because it acts as an emetic, and the stomach seldom retains enough to produce death.

13. Q.—What do eminent physicians state in regard to tobacco?

A.—'That temporary stimulation and soothing power of tobacco are gained by destroying vital force.'

14. Q. What does tobacco enable a man to do?

A.—It helps him to deaden his feelings, and go on ruining his health without knowing it, until he is beyond hope of recovery.

15. Q.—Are all the senses affected by the use of tobacco?

A.—The sight, smell, touch, taste and hearing are all, more or less, deadened by the use of this poison.

16. Q.—Are the effects of tobacco similar to those of opium

A.—Yes. Becaues they both soothe the nervous system, only to render it more feeble and irritable in the end.

17. Q.—If tobacco is so injurious why do people use it?

A.—Because it is a narcotic poison, and seems to quiet while it really injures them.

18. Q.—What estimate is made of the num-

ber who annually die from the effects of tobacco?

A.—An accurate estimate by physicians shows that twenty thousand in America die yearly from this poison.

Hide Me From Papa.

'Please take me home with you and hide me so papa can't find me.'

The speaker was a little child just two years of age. She was endowed with unusual sprightliness and loveliness, both of person and disposition.

We had been visiting her mother, and on leaving had taken the dear little one to ride a short distance.

We said, 'Now, Mary, kiss us good-bye; it is too cold to take you any further.' The little darling looked up with the most piteous expression, and clinging to me, said, in her baby words, 'O Lenny, p'ease take me home with you, and hide me so papa can't find me!'

O darling, precicus Mary, how my heart ached for you as I pressed you to my bosom! What visions of sorrow and cruelty your words called up. How terrible it seemed that one so young and innocent should know so much of fear!

As I rode homeward the thought would again and again recur to me. Oh that all who have helped in any way to make her father a drunkard could have heard that piteous appeal, could have seen those baby hands raised in entreaty, and her lips quivering with suppressed emotion! Surely the heart of the most hardened whiskey-dealer would have been reached, and his slumbering conscience would have been awakened to a true sense of the terrible amount of wretchedness caused by the use of ardent spirits. Oh, think of it, bar-keeper, and whiskey-sellers of every grade!—think of your sad, sad work.

Here was a man who, when sober, was a kind and devoted parent, yet from the use of this curse of our land, had become so cruel and unkind as to inspire abject fear in his only child.

May all who have encouraged the use of ardent spirits in any way, be warned in time, lest in the last day many women and little children shall say to them, 'To you we owe the untold wretchedness and agony of our lives; our blood be upon your skirts.'—'Richmond Advocate.'

The Mocker Fatal in its Mockery.

Some twelve years ago nine young men started together from the North of Ireland to enter upon a university course of study in the collegiate town of Galway. When they arrived there, only two of the nine were sober. One of the seven who were under the influence of drink when they arrived in Galway was so drunk that when he entered the examination hall the following morning he felt so drowsy after his debauch that he could only lay his head upon his arms and fall asleep. Yet such a clever scholar was he that, in spite of all, he took a scholarship that day. But, alas, he became a confirmed drunkard, and died a crossing-sweeper in the city of Chicago a few years after. Not one of those seven who went to Galway drunk is alive to-day.

A young man, whose parents were dead, was educated by an uncle, and, ultimately, through his own perserverance, and assistance of the latter, was enabled to enter a university in this country. The lad took to drink, and, through his intemperate habits, failed in his examination, and had to return to his uncle. He lived with the uncle for a year, kept off the drink, and altogether seemed a reformed character. Then one day his uncle promised to send him back to college, and told him to come to him on a certain night, and that he would have the money ready for him to pay his coming term at the university. That day, being a fair day, the student fell in with company, and came home intoxicated. When he found that his uncle would not give him the money to send him back to college he seized an axe, and killed the old man on the spot. Afterwards, when he came to realize to a certain extent what he had done, the young student went and drowned himself in a well. Truly wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and he that is deceived thereby (oh, what fatal deceit!) is not wise.—'Temperance Monthly.'

Correspondence

Agincourt, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am an English girl; I came to Canada in 1897; the steamer was called 'Labrador, and it took us ten days to come over. We had a very nice voyage, except one night when the ship went to one side, and we thought we were going over. Every morning the captain came to see us, and he would say, 'Hurry up; and come to breakfast; fresh bread and coffee.' We did not trouble for anything to eat. We were so sea-sick.

When we were passing through the river St. Lawrence we saw such a lot of little houses, and a church, and a light house in the middle of the water. We got off on Saturday evening, and we went on another boat for about another hour, and we got off and went on a train, staying in the train all night, and part of the next day. We passed one place, where all the shops were opened and selling things on Sunday.

It is very nice in Canada; the people about here are very nice and kind and busy; they are very willing to make friends. Our church is called 'Knox.' Our minister's name is Mr. Brown, and he is a very nice gentleman. It is much warmer in Canada during the summer than it is in England, and it is much colder in winter than it is in England. From ANNIE L.

Feversham.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school, and I would not like to be without it. I like to read the Boys' and Girls' Page. I have two brothers and one sister. I have three dolls and a cat. I go to school every day and like it well. I am in the senior second book. I am going to try for another book next June.

FRANCY (Aged 9.)

Carleton Place.

Dear Editor,—I get your paper in Sunday-school and like it very much. I have seen only three letters from here. I have a dear little kitten called Tootsey. I am learning to play on the organ and am in the Fourth Book. I am very fond of reading.

DOLLIE (Aged 11.)

Collingwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I was interested in your 'Children's Correspondence Corner,' I thought I would try to tell you about my home. I live in the town of Collingwood. It is a very pretty place. In the summer time we go bathing by the lake shore. I go to school and am in the High fourth book. My teacher's name is Mr. Ward. He is very kind, and has been teaching school for thirty years. I tried for the High School last year, but I failed by twenty-three marks. I go to the Sunday-school every Sabbath, and belong to the Presbyterian Church. I am a member of the Band of Hope and Band of Mercy. The former is against strong drink, tobacco and improper language. The latter is against the cruel usage of dumb animals. I think those are very useful for a town, and I intend to belong to those always. The Band of Mercy is a branch of the Royal Humane Society. It is through the Band of Hope that I get my 'Messenger.' A kind lady, Miss Campbell, vice-president of the Band of Hope, gives each member a paper each week.

We had a cantata in the opera house last Easter. We were all dressed in white, and twelve girls went through the 'lily drill.' It was all very pretty. I wish Mina Myers, of Brantford, Ont., would write to me, as I would like to write to her. I shall close now, as this is getting rather long; but I hope it will appear in print, and not in the waste basket. Good-bye.

ETHEL BOURE (aged 13).

Orillia.

Dear Editor,—We save the 'Messenger' from one end of the year to the other, and then bind them together with twine and send them to Parry Sound district to my brother, who takes the mission at Arnstein, about forty miles from Trout Creek. We send the 'Witness' to a friend at Collin's Inlet on the North Channel, to give them to the shantymen.

We attend the Presbyterian Church and Sabbath-school. In the infant room there are generally one hundred pupils. In the Bible class there are between forty and fifty, and in the middle part of the Sabbath-school from three hundred and fifty to four hundred pupils, with about forty-five teachers. The Superintendent is one of our elders, Mr. H. Cooke, druggist. Our Pastor is the Rev. R. N. Grant, D.D., who is at present at the Sanatorium at Clifton Springs, New York.

We have a Christian Endeavor in connection with the church, which has about twenty-five active members and about fifteen associate members. Miss R. Chase arrived home last week from Indore, India, from foreign mission work, on account of ill-health. Orillia has three public schools and one high school.

JANET E. F.

Nappan.

Dear Editor,—I started to take the 'Northern Messenger' some time ago. I live on a farm. We have a little colt. I have three sisters and no brother. I love to read the children's letters.

WILLIAM WALTER S. (aged 12).

Mount Pleasant, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school every day, and we have Sunday-school close to where I live. I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday. I enjoy reading the letters very much. MAGGIE E.

Chelmsford, Mass.

Dear Editor,—I like your paper very much, especially the correspondence. I have an aunt who lives in Sherbrooke, P.Q., who sends me the paper. I couldn't have it only for her. I hope she will come this summer to see me. I live on a farm near Lowell, Mass. I have three sisters. We have some little chickens and a cat. RUBY (aged 10).

Sand Bluffs, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write again, as I did not see my last letter in print. I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and look to the Correspondence first when it comes. I enjoy reading letters by L.S. every month, they are very interesting. I am very fond of flowers. I had a few house plants, but they got frozen in the winter—it is so cold here. But it is very warm in the summer. The only pets I have are a very pretty canary and a cat which I am very fond of.

PEARLE E.

Cullister, Shetland, Scotland.

Dear Editor,—We live in a small village called Cullister, about fifteen miles from the town of Lerwick. We have a small farm, and we keep five cows, one mare named Maggie, and some sheep and poultry. The chief work of the people here is the fishing and the Shetland hosiery. This is a very busy place during the fishing season, there being three fishing stations within half-a-mile of our house. We have a regatta here every year carried on by the Sandwick boating and swimming club. We belong to the Free Church, and have a very nice Sunday-school, of which grandfather is superintendent. Our minister's name is Mr. Aitken, who has been in Africa for seven years, so you see he has a good deal to tell us. I have three sisters and four brothers. A kind friend in Vancouver has sent us the 'Messenger' for a great many years, and we all enjoy it very much. I have read 'In His Steps,' 'The Crucifixion of Philip Strong,' 'Malcolm Kirk,' and Robert Hardy's Seven Days,' I hope this may be interesting to your readers, and I wish the 'Messenger' every success.

KATIE S.

Drysdale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen so many little boys' and girls' letters in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write one too, as I have never written one before, neither saw any from around here. We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school, and like it well. I live a mile and three quarters east of Lake Huron and in the summer, after harvest, we and a number of other families go down to it and have a picnic. Drysdale is a small village a half-mile from Lake Huron. There are in it a store, a blacksmith's, an inn and a number of houses. They are building a new blacksmith's shop in it now. I go to school, and am in the fourth reader. I live a half-mile from the school, and like my teacher well. I have only two pets, one is a cat, which I call Kitty, and the other is a sheep which I call Petty, because she will let me pet her. My brother has a pet calf called Jimmy. I have two sisters and seven brothers. I have five brothers younger than myself. ELLA J. (aged 12).

HOUSEHOLD.

The Feverish Hand.

It was a Monday morning, and a rainy one at that. 'Mother' was busy from the moment she sprang out of bed, at the first sound of the rising bell. Others besides children get out of bed 'on the wrong side,' as this mother can testify.

She began by thinking over all that lay before her. It made her 'feel like flying?' Bridget would be cross, as it was rainy; there was a chance of company for lunch, so the parlor must be tidied, as well as the dining-room swept, *dishes* washed, *lamps* trimmed, beds made, and children started for school. Her hands grew hot as she buttered bread for luncheons, waited on those who had to start early, and tried to pacify the little ones and Bridget.

'My dear, you're feverish,' said her husband, as he held her busy hands a moment. 'Let the work go, and rest yourself. You'll find it pays.'

'Just like a man!' thought the mother. 'Why, I haven't time, even, for my prayers!' But the little woman had resolved that she would read a few verses before ten o'clock each day. So, standing by her table, she opened the eighth chapter of Matthew, and read these words: 'And he touched her hand, and the fever left her, and she arose and ministered unto them.'

It seemed to that busy wife as if Jesus himself stood ready to heal her, to take the fever out of her hands that she might minister wisely to her dear ones. The beds could wait until later in the day, the parlor might be a little disordered, she must feel his touch! She knelt, and he whispered: 'My grace (not yours, child) is sufficient. . . . As thy days, so shall they strength be. . . . . My yoke is easy (this yoke you have been galled by is the world's yoke, the yoke of public opinion or housewifely ambition); take my yoke upon you, and learn of me. . . . Ye shall find rest.'

The day was no brighter, the work had still to be done; but the fever had left her, and all day she said: 'This God is our God, my Lord and my God.'

It is true that, when the friends came to lunch, no fancy dishes had been prepared for the table, but the hostess's heart was filled with love for them as members with her of Christ, and they went away hungering for such a realization of him as they saw she had.

'Ah,' said her husband, when he held her hands once more, 'I see you took my advice, dear; the fever is quite gone.'

The wife hesitated. Could she tell her secret? Was it not almost too sacred? Yet it was the secret of the Lord (not hers), and would glorify him. Later on, when the two sat together, she told him who had cured her fever, and said, quietly: 'I see that there is a more important ministry than the housekeeping, though I don't mean to neglect that.'

'Let us ask the Lord to keep hold of our hands,' said her husband. 'Mine grow feverish in eager money-making, as yours in too eager housekeeping.'

This is no fancy sketch. Dear mothers, busy, anxious housekeepers, let us go again and again to him, that he may touch our hands, lest they be feverish, and so we cannot minister in the highest sense, to those about us.—'Christian Budget.'

Changing the Order.

The most unselfish persons are the home makers, and perhaps no other class as a rule receives so little thanks or gratitude for services rendered. Upon the time and patience of the mistress of the house a thousand demands, reasonable and unreasonable, are made and acceded to until she comes to be regarded as a part of the machinery—the working machinery—of the home. She must look after the comfort of all else with very little recognition of her own welfare. If she has growing daughters the pretty dainty things are theirs, and if the family purse is limited, as it usually is in the average home, the mother does wthout in order that the girls, whose lives are already full of the happiness of youth, may have all the accessories of dress which fashion demands, and the annual outing as well.

This entire self-abnegation on the part of the mother is, to say the least, unwise. The care and protracted strain tells in time and very often just when her children need their mother's care and guidance she breaks down and must be laid aside. The mother owes it to herself to take the rest and to claim a part of the good times she so unselfishly hands over to her daughters, who, in some cases, are only too willing to accept the sacrifice. It has become the fashion to let all interests bend to the will of the youthful members of the household, much to their moral detriment, and it is time that the order should be reversed and the mother exact some of that old-time consideration which women of an older school expected and demanded.

There are many ways in which the housekeeping affairs, especially during the heat and exhaustion of the summer, can be simplified and the work divided more evenly among the other members of the family. If, as a result, some happy girlhood hours must be spent in the discipline of wholesome household employments, the result will be good, and the daughters will be richly rewarded for any self-sacrifice in seeing their mother renewing her strength by her well-earned rest. When the mother shows a tendency to merge her personality in the work of caring for husband and children, this tendency should be promptly checked, and she should be made to know that she is the centre round which every interest of the home resolves, and be made to feel that so far from serving her children, she must be served by them.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Selected Recipes.

Salad of Apples.—Slice very thin three or four nice, ripe apples. Arrange these in a salad bowl, sprinkling each layer with cinnamon and sugar. Finally, pour a gill of syrup of currant or grape jelly.

How to make Poultices.—'Brain,' the London periodical, gives the following practical hints on this subject: 'The common practice in making poultices of mixing the linseed meal with hot water, and applying it directly to the skin, is quite wrong; because if we do not wish to burn the patient, we must wait until a great portion of the heat has been lost. The proper method is to take a flannel bag (the size of the poultice required), to fill this with linseed poultice as hot as it can possibly be made, and to put between this and the skin a second piece of flannel, so that there shall be at least two thicknesses of flannel between the skin and the poultice itself. Above the poultice should be placed more flannel, or a piece of cotton-wool, to prevent it from getting cold. By this method we are able to apply the linseed meal boiling hot, without burning the patient, and the heat gradually diffusing through the flannel, affords a grateful sense of relief which cannot be obtained by other means. There are few ways in which such marked relief is given to abdominal pain as by the application of a poultice in this manner.'

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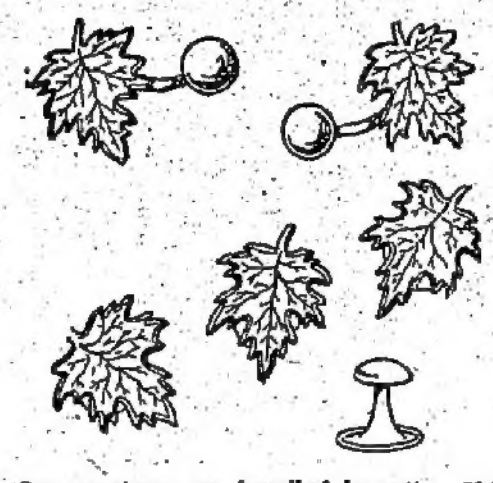

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